

# Black Rose

## Black 47

Mister Frankie Diamond was my best friend  
We were partners in a business down on C and 7th  
    Nothin' ever got this good brother down  
He was a real live wire in an electric townFrankie started hangin' with an uptown girl  
    A Harlem lady in the social whirl  
    On Saturday night he'd put on his best clothes  
And go out steppin' with his Black RoseNow Frankie went upstate for a couple of years  
    A guest of the nation and he was in tears  
    He called me up, he said, "Hey friend of mine  
I got one favor to ask you while I'm doin' my time" She's the Queen of New York City  
    She bewitch all men soul  
    She the blood that flow right through me  
So don't be messin' with my Black RoseKeep your hands off my Black Rose  
My Black Rose, he don't own yaWhile Frankie was upstate, his Harlem girl  
    Continued to spiral in her social whirl  
    So I paged her from my gig on East 7th I said  
"Hey, babe, you doin' anythin' 'round about 11?" She said, "Uh uh", in her uptown voice  
    So we met at Beirut for cocktails and ice  
    When she crossed that room in her tight red dress  
I wasn't thinkin' of Frankie, I have to confessShe said, "Hey, best friend, let's go back to my place  
    I need to fix my mascara and remodel my face"  
    But it rained on the way back to her house  
And when she closed the door she took off her blouseShe's the Queen of New York City  
    She bewitch all men soul  
    Next thing I know, I'm whisperin' sweet nothin's  
    Lyin' in bed with my Black Rose I'm makin' love to my Black  
    My Black Rose, he don't own ya So stay with me tonight  
    At nights I'd lie there and listen to her breathe  
        With the sweat on my brow  
    How could she sleep So deep, so sweet, as calm as a rock  
    While I pushed back the seconds oozing from the clock  
        Now the letters I wrote Frankie returned unread  
The word leaked out, I'd be better off deadBut in the crimson dawn, Black Rose would unfold  
    And drain all the poison from my soul  
    Now I'm standin' up here on forty deuce  
Another terminal man waitin' for his busHere come Frankie with his head all shaved  
    Is that a piece in his pocket or is it a blade  
    Now I'm lyin' face down in the terminal dirt  
With a hole in my chest, but I don't feel no hurtI don't wanna go to heaven, I been there before

Just spent two years in paradise with my Black RoseShe's the Queen of New York City

She bewitch all men soul

When you go and find her body

Bury me next to my Black RoseStill in love with my Black Rose

She's up in heaven now, my Black Rose

You won't be makin' love to my Black

My Black Rose, he don't own yaSo stay with me tonight, for the rest of your life

Roisin Dubh, me no can get over you

A time is in me mind no matter what I do

Roisin Dubh me no can get over youNow Frankie comin' back and I know that I am through  
Mister Frankie Diamond tell me do the right thingWatch his girl while he away at Sing Sing

But me and Rosie, we have a little fling

Now Frankie comin' home, wicked trouble it will bring

Wicked trouble it will bring, Lord have mercy

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>